

## NEW MOVE DAY



Big 'Chrismus ain' all de hollerday,  
 Us celebrate de Newmove Day—  
 Me an' Sis an' Lize an' Jule,  
 De hawg, de ox and de ole gray mule.

Dun made money nuff ter move;  
 An' Grandad's roomatiz do'n' prove;  
 Us des honin' fer de fust uv de y'u  
 Dere's er forchun waitin' fo' us sumwhu'!

De only trubble—hit's des erhead;  
 W'en we'se gittin' up hit's gwine ter bed;  
 But we gwiner git in de road an' stir  
 Wid der res' uv de niggers 'bout de fust uv de y'ur.

Yassur! yo' betcher us gwiner move,  
 Kase Gran'dad's health hit ain' improve;  
 An' Mur she sho' injoy bad health;  
 De Good Book sez dat health am wealth.



## THE FIRST ROSE



Ah, rose of morn,  
 The sunlight in thy face,  
 Come to adorn  
 My garden with thy grace.

Thou art the smile  
 Of angels, bending low,  
 Here where erstwhile  
 Bloomed lilies of the snow.

Sweet rose, I fain  
 'Would call thee springtime's mate—  
 Ah, me, how long had lain  
 The winter's sullen hate!

Blooming in beauty,  
 Where the violets peep  
 So shyly forth, thy duty  
 E'er the tryst of spring to keep.